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No. 5

A MONTHLY MISSIONARY JOURNAL
Published by The Board of Foreign
Missions of the Synod of the Re-
formed Presbyterian Church of North
America in the interest of Mission Work

A PROPHECY OF TO-DAY



For I dipt into the future,
Far as human eye could see,
Saw the vision of the world,
And the wonder that would be
Till the war-drum throbb'd no longer,
And the battle-flags were furled
In the Parliament of man,
The Federation of the world.

—Tennyson.

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OLIVE TREES

A Monthly Missionary Journal

PUBLISHED BY THE BOARD OF FOREIGN MISSIONS OF THE
SYNOD OF THE REFORMED PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH OF
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AT 215 BUCKINGHAM PLACE, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

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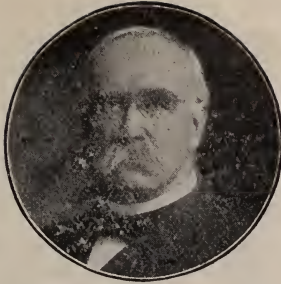
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OLIVE TREES

A Monthly Journal devoted to Missionary Work in the Reformed Presbyterian Church, U. S. A.

VOL. XXXII

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DEFINITE METHODS—PRAYER

By Cleo. F. Wallace, Staffard, Kan.

The following paper was read at the convention of the Women's Missionary Societies of Kansas Presbytery at its recent meeting at Topeka, Kan. It emphasizes that which is the great need of today, and every day.—Ed.

We realize that there are new opportunities in Missions since the war, and our responsibility toward them is both very great and very urgent. Only the power of Christianity can transform the homes of the East, solve the industrial problem, obviate the dangers of this time of transition, help to open up opportunities for education and new lines of occupation and service, and bring the knowledge of Jesus Christ to every people.

No Missionary Society can do its best work without high ideals, good organization, team work, and, most of all, carefully constructed, operative methods. Our most efficient service doesn't "just grow." It is the result of strenuous effort, and earnest, intelligent, prayerful planning. We *must have definite methods.*

In every battle, owing to random shooting, there is a great waste of

ammunition. It is said that one bullet in a thousand hits the enemy, and but one in ten thousand proves fatal. There is the same waste in missionary efforts, largely because our missionary shot is fired without definite aim.

Every Christian should be familiar with the great *scriptural foundations* on which missionary operations rest. Let us take Christ's missionary program in Matt. 9: 36—10: 8 as a suggestive outline.

First, we must *comprehend the need and realize our relation to that need.* The efficient wielding of the "Sword of the Spirit," with the exception of prayer, is the most powerful weapon in promoting the cause of Missions. But the "Sword of the Spirit" unaccompanied by prayer availeth little in the hand of the Christian worker. We should study Missions from every available source; from magazines, books, leaflets and from reports and letters of missionaries. We can read our magazines to ourselves, aloud to our families, pray through them, then pass them on to

some one else. The reading of a single leaflet has been known to effect the conversion and reformation of entire communities. A speaker had finished his eloquent missionary appeal. Eagerly the audience had followed his every word. At the close of the meeting they flocked around him. "Oh," said one woman, as she wrung the speaker's hand with ardent appreciation, "If only I could speak as you do! If only it were possible for me to pass that wonderful address on to others!" "It is," said the speaker with quiet grace. "For five cents you can get it at the book counter by the door as you go out."

A great deal can be accomplished through the eye-gate. Deeper than the impression made by what we *hear* is the impression made by what we *see*. Psychologists tell us that 85 per cent. of all we know is learned through our eyes. A story is told of a missionary mother who was paying her bill at the close of a summer conference. That mother was not a woman of wealth, yet she had two sons and two daughters with her at the conference. "How do you manage to do it?" asked her friend. "Well, it is not easy," was the answer, "but you will see that I count that the strongest missionary influence which I can bring to bear on my boys and girls is to have them *see and come in contact with* the people I want them to be like. So all during the year I save up all I can to make it possible to have my children at this conference, so that they may *see and know the great leaders of the world.*" One of those sons is now a missionary in China, and the indications are that the other children will be either foreign missionaries or missionary leaders in the home land.

The most powerful dynamic of efficiency is *prayer*, because it links us up with the omnipotence of God. The Apostle Paul regarded prayer as a great avenue of service. To him it was no half-hearted form, but a real missionary labor. He used the phrase "Laboring *fervently* for you in pray-

er," and classed those who prayed as his real co-workers. "Ye also helping together by prayer for us," and "Strive together with me in your prayers to God for me." In today's acts of the apostles, prayer has the same primal place. Pastor Ding Li Mei, China's great man of prayer, who has influenced more men to go into the ministry and other forms of Christian service than any other man of modern times in Asia, was asked by some one who marveled at the results of his work, what his method was. Pastor Ding answered simply, "I have no method except prayer."

Prayer should have a *definite time and place* in our lives. We should not give up because we find the pathway of intercession beset with difficulties. Remember Paul's terms "*strive*" and "*labor*" which indicate that prayer may require some effort. In this busy age most of us seem to prefer to be Marthas, busily engaged in active work, rather than Marys, sitting at the feet of Jesus, communing with Him. Yet Mary "chose the better part." Prayer is an absolute need and no work can be truly successful without it. The great hero of Protestantism, Martin Luther, as he faced the tremendous volume of work before him said, "I am so busy now that if I did not spend two or three hours each day in prayer I could not get through the day."

A missionary once said, "When I first went to Africa the great rush of duties and opportunities fairly overwhelmed me. Early and late calls came and knocks sounded at my door. Every night I went to bed utterly exhausted. In the morning when I woke I thought, 'Surely the Lord would rather I turned over and took another nap to fit me for the many in power, so I resolved to get up an hour earlier each day, and to spend that hour in prayer. Through that hour of prayer God has wrought great things and now there are thousands of Christians in our Mission

station, who do not know that Christians anywhere ever attempt to face the duties and opportunities of a day without prayer."

Our prayers can secure additional strength and power for our missionaries. "In foreign lands they wondered how their words that day had

power; at home the workers two or three had met to pray an hour."

It is well to have a prayer list, and prayer groups should pray together for special needs as they arise. Entire dependence must be placed upon God and He will accomplish the things that human effort cannot perform.

A LOI

The Story of a Chinese Girl and a Missionary Doctor.

The following letter contains an account of the experiences of a little leper girl in China, and has been sent to us by one of our missionaries there. If anything could be more touching we do not know what it would be about, and yet the story is a cheerful one, because Christ is in it.—Ed.

Lo Ting, February 20, 1919.

To the little Covenanter girls in America.

Dear Friends:

I am a little leper girl and am about 14 years old. My father and mother sold me when I was a very small child and I did not know just how old I was. I was born in Kweichau, a long ways from here, and my mother named me A Loi. My father and mother both smoked opium. My mother cried a lot and was always very sad. At one time there were nine of us living in one small room about ten feet square. We had no beds but slept on grass on the mud floor. The door of our house was made of grass and the roof of bark. All we had to eat was corn, except sometimes a few vegetables. I can remember taking care of my little brother and he and I used to carry water for our family. We would put a bucket on a pole and put the pole over our shoulders and carry it that way.

There are lots of tigers in Kweichau, and they are always hungry. One day when we were carrying the water a tiger ran after us and caught my little brother. He didn't wear any clothes and the tiger bit him very



A LOI

When the Missionary Doctor Found Her.

badly. I screamed so loud some mén ran and frightened the tiger away. They took my brother home and my mother took care of him so that he got well after a long, long while.

On another day when I was sitting down holding my little brother on my knee we saw my mother tie a rope around her neck and tie it to a beam and try to hang herself. We children screamed and my father came in just then and cut down the rope. My mother got better but she cried for a long, long time first.

My parents wanted more money to buy opium so they decided to sell me. A man came and said he would buy me for a slave girl, so my father sold me, and although my mother cried very hard she felt it was the only thing to do. The man who bought me also bought a lot of other little girls, and we traveled in sedan chairs and boats until we were very near Lo Ting. I was sold four times, the last time to a man who wasn't very nice. This man used to get angry and beat me. Then one day because my face was getting very red and a dark looking spot growing on it they decided I had leprosy so they took all my clothes except one old torn suit and gave me a broken bowl or two and turned me out. When I left the house I stole one small dish because I thought they should have given me better things since they were turning me out; and at that time I didn't know it was wrong to steal.

Then I came to Lo Ting and for three or four weeks I wandered around the streets sleeping on the roadside or in whatever spot I could find where people wouldn't throw stones at me. Sometimes it rained on me all night, and even when it didn't I couldn't be sure of getting a good night's sleep. I had to beg for a living; but people were so afraid of me they didn't dare give me much, so I got very little to eat. One day a man came to me on the street and he didn't seem to be afraid like most people were, and he said, "Little girl, I see you have leprosy. Why don't you go to the hospital and get treated? There is a doctor there who treats lepers and helps them to get well. You better go try him." And

right off I came. I reached the house where the foreign doctor lived very early in the morning and waited until I could see him go to the hospital. Just as I saw him coming some soldiers near there saw me and said they would beat me if I stood around there, so I had to walk away. But the doctor sent for me, and I went to the hospital and got some medicine. Some people who saw me go in told me I



A LOI
As She is To-day.

was taking a big risk to eat foreign medicine for it would certainly kill me.

That night I tried to find a place to sleep near the city wall but the soldiers chased me away and people threw stones at me and broke my bowl. The next day I went back to

the hospital and they let me stay several nights in the hospital yard. Then the neighbors began to scold and one woman said she would burn me to death if I stayed any longer. The doctor then told me he would take me up to a little house in his yard to live, but he wanted me to be careful getting me up there for fear neighbors would see me going and perhaps break in and do me some harm. So, late at night, Taai So, who helps in the hospital, and the doctor and I started up. Some soldiers were near by so the doctor went over and talked to them so they wouldn't pay too much attention to me, and Taai So and I came up. I was very much excited and tried to hide behind Taai So all the way up, and when I got to the little house I just laughed and laughed. For three days and three nights I slept nearly all the time. In about a week people began to find out I was in the house, but because my face was not so dark they were not so frightened and before long the soldiers and the little old lady who wanted to burn me came and talked to me.

I have lived here now nearly ten months, and am very happy. Excepting Sabbath, I make thread almost every day. Every Tuesday at the hospital there is a leper clinic and I go down. A number of other lepers come, too, and I often tell them some Bible stories that I have learned, and sometimes teach them verses. I never heard of Jesus until I came here, but I know Him now and He loves me and I love Him, and I like to tell others about Him. I know all about the prodigal Son, and the rich man and Lazarus, and the good Samaritan, and about Jesus healing ten lepers and only one of them thanking Him, and many others.

I am sending you two of my pictures. In one I am dressed as I was the day came. Then my clothes were very ragged and I carried a basket with my broken dishes in it. In the other I am dressed in my new clothes. Perhaps you can see the spot on my

left cheek which is from leprosy, and also that I have no eyebrows. Since I have been getting treatment my eyebrows have been growing again.

I very often pray to my Heavenly Father that He will entirely heal me so that I will not always be a leper girl, and won't you please pray for me, too? Perhaps I will write to you again some day.

Your loving little friend,

A LOI.

WORD FROM DR. PEOPLES.

The following letter is the first account we have received from our missionary, Dr. John Peoples, of the trying experiences through which we knew he was passing during the tragic days of the great war.

Though the letter contains no word of self-praise, because Dr. Peoples does not know how to employ that, no one will read the letter without feeling grateful that the Lord's cause was represented by such a man and such a Christian, and that the Lord has brought him safely through.

We hope Dr. Peoples may soon be able to come home for a much needed furlough.—Ed.

Mersine, March 20, 1919.

Dear Dr. Willson.

Owing to certain conditions, not the least of which has been the Turkish and German censorship, we have been unable to let you know anything as to what we have been trying to do during the past four years; but now I will try to give you some idea of the work, at least as far as figures can do it.

What it has really been to have lived through these years only those who have actually experienced them can appreciate; not always because of what really happened, but sometimes because of the suspense and fear as to what was likely to happen. We saw and knew what had happened to the French and British subjects and to the native Christians. We knew the way that property had been seized with or without reason, and of the way the people were treated many times just for spite work or to pay off some personal grudge.

Insults and kicks were given to me both publicly and privately, and the worst of these were given me by so-called "Christians" in military uniform. Many of the things if they had been said or done under ordinary circumstances, would have brought muscular Christianity forcibly into action. It was, however, a time when discretion was the wiser part. We have to raise our "Ebeneszer" for we have been very mercifully dealt with as compared with multitudes of others. Many of the Americans throughout the country have had their property confiscated and in not a few instances have been exiled themselves. Even in Adana, about 45 miles from here, the American doctor had his hospital taken from him near the beginning of the war, while I have been allowed to remain in charge of the patients put in our buildings by the government.

In December, 1914, at the suggestion of Mr. Feet, of Constantinople, I offered my own services, with the hospital of 12 beds, for "Red Cross" work and the first patients were admitted on the 22d of March, 1915. This work continued till the day before Thanksgiving, on which date the hospital was closed, the patients ordered out, and the doors locked and sealed by the Turkish civil authorities. Incidentally the schools were similarly closed the next day (Thanksgiving Day.)

A number of reasons were given for the closing of the hospital, the most important of which I give below.

1. The hospital had no official permit for existence.

Answer: My offer to do "Red Cross Work" had been accepted, and official notification given by Enver Pasha, Minister of War, to the local provincial and city governments.

2. Hospital records were not kept in the Turkish language.

Answer: No such suggestion or requirement had ever been brought to my notice. The records had not been asked for or looked at. They had no

knowledge as to whether I had kept any records or not.

3. Monthly hospital reports had not been made to the local sanitary authorities.

Answer: No such suggestion or requirement had ever been brought to my notice. The local sanitary doctor, with whom I have always been on fairly friendly terms, told on the quiet that such a regulation was new to him.

4. They did not know the contents of the compressed tablets which they saw in my pharmacy, and which I was dealing out to the patients.

Answer: The said tablets were in the original, plainly label containers from such firms as Parke-Davis, Sharp & Dohme, Burroughs, Wellcome, etc. Shortly after this the local sanitary doctor was in my pharmacy to see me in a friendly way, and said that after the war he was going to get tablets like I had, because the stated drug was good and the dosage exact.

5. My pharmacist had no diploma.

Answer: This is true, but many of their own recognized pharmacists either have no diploma or having gotten it through baksheesh (bribery). In most of the pharmacies belonging to their recognized pharmacists the compounder is a small boy, etc., etc., etc.

The whole performance was gotten up for the special benefit of us foreigners. I might say that it was the chief sanitary inspector from the capital of the province who came down and did this business. A few days previous to this he had kicked the American doctor out of his hospital at Adana.

During the time that the hospital was open the Corps Commandant of this region came to visit me and compared my hospital with their own. By his own confession the comparison was very much in my favor.

Toward the end of February a German major came to Mersine in charge of the Turkish Commissary Department for this region. He heard

of me and of the hospital. One day he asked me if I would be willing to work the hospital for the Turkish military if he could obtain permission from this Corps Commandant. As I felt sure that it was only a question of time till the government would come and open it, and probably without any possible control by me, it seemed wise to try to forestall any such move, and, if possible, keep the property in my own hands. I agreed, and in the course of a few days he had the necessary permission and the civil authorities had no more to say about it, although they still tried to.

On March 4, 1916, the civil authorities removed the seals and returned the keys to me, and from that time till the end of 1918 the hospital has been doing a rushing business, with the exception of a few weeks in the late summer, 1916, during which time it was closed for lack of medicines.

For these few weeks I went up to the family in the mountains, but I had not been up there many days before word came that British prisoners from Kut-ul-Amara were in Tarsus on their way further north, and that they were in pitiable conditions. So I got on my horse again and went to Tarsus to do what little I could to help them. They were sad sights indeed. One hundred and thirty-four of them have been left in Tarsus awaiting the Resurrection.

Beside the inside hospital work I was called on to do a good deal of military medical work outside, and also I had the civil work.

Till February, 1918, I had succeeded in keeping the authorities from using any more of the property than the hospital, but about that time 3000 half-dead Turkish soldiers, gathered from the hospitals and the forces south of here were thrown on to Mersine. There was no accommodation or facilities for them. They were human wrecks, partly covered with rags, and completely covered with travelers of every hue, size and sort in the list. Of necessity, additional hospital facilities were called for, and

100 beds were put in my care in the buildings usually occupied by our girls' school. The chapel also was filled with beds.

To attend to this work was my pharmacist, a partially trained nurse and myself, with a few helpers, who did nothing in life but loaf and steal. All the work which needed reading or writing ability—giving out medicine, giving the food, making innumerable reports, etc., devolved on the three first named. Besides this I had a good deal to do with the other two hospitals which were opened for these men.

Of these 3000 men 800 came under my care in my hospital, and of that number 37½ per cent. died.

Practically, I have been a military doctor through the war, treating, up to the time of the Armistice, Turkish and German soldiers and British prisoners-of-war; and after the Armistice for a time, British soldiers.

May the Lord grant that such need or such demands will never come again. It was not the amount of the work, which was great enough, but it was the circumstances and conditions under which the work had to be done, that made it trying.

From March 3, 1915, to January 1, 1918, 543 patients admitted, deaths 4 per cent.

From January 1, 1918, to December 31, 1918, 1436 patients admitted, deaths 26.8 per cent.

Total patients treated, 1934, deaths 20.5 per cent.

When the hospital was first opened we had the first thing in the morning for the workers a prayer meeting and the three of us would have talks with the patients as opportunity permitted, but later this Corps Commander gave strict orders that the Christian religion was to be kept out of the hospital. However, the pharmacy has been a place of much prayer and many pleadings, often with tears, during these years.

Yours in His service,

JOHN PEOPLES.

NEWS FROM THE FIELD

AND NOTES OF THE WORKERS

Edited by MRS. FINDLEY M. WILSON, 2517 North Franklin Street,
Philadelphia, Penna.

SYRIA.

It must be a great joy to our missionaries in Syria and Asia Minor that they are once more receiving letters from this country. It is a source of much satisfaction to us that we are getting word from them. The Relief Expedition had reached Constantinople on March 5th, and we have letters from Dr. Balph, Rev. R. E. Willson and Miss Sterrett.

THE RELIEF EXPEDITION REACHES CONSTANTINOPLE.

Dr. Balph wrote on board the S. S. Gloucester Castle on March 4:

"You no doubt will have word through the American Committee for Relief in Near East, of our safe arrival at Brest on the 23d ult. The voyage was in the main an uneventful one, fairly good weather all the way. We were seven days on the voyage. It was about 10 A. M. Sabbath morning, February 23d, when our ship anchored in the harbor of Brest. In less than two hours after all our company were landed and were taken directly to the Naval Y. M. C. A. hut near the landing stage. The baggage was removed and taken to the railroad sheds some distance away. Lunches were furnished the entire party at the Y. M. C. A., where the ladies and those not engaged in helping with the baggage, spent the rest of the day. An American Army hospital train had been procured, and was in readiness to carry the party to Marseilles. The baggage was all transferred, and everything in readiness for our departure by 9 P. M., when the company all went aboard the train, which left Brest about 10.30 A. M. This train consisted of about fifteen cars, with two kitchen cars in which the food was prepared, one for the women and one for the men. We were served three substantial meals a day, such as are issued to the soldiers. Each one was furnished with a plate, spoon and mug, and the rations issued to them in their places. This consisted of bacon, beef, bread, vegetables and coffee. The progress of the train was very slow, being only given right of way when regular trains were not being run. We finally reached Marseilles about noon on the 26th, and the entire company was immediately taken to the steamer "Gloucester Castle," then lying at the wharf ready to sail.

The transfer of the baggage from the cars to the vessel was completed by 4 P. M., and we left Marseilles about 5 P. M. Since setting out on the Mediterranean, we have had fine weather, with the exception of today. We took a southerly course to avoid the Straits of Messina, where a French vessel was blown up some time ago by a mine. We passed within sight of Malta, and are now south of Greece. Several islands are in view today, and some of the distant mountains are covered with snow, from which the wind is blowing very coldly. We expect to arrive at Salonica tomorrow; whether we will go on to Constantinople by this boat or not, is not yet certain, but quite probable. It is said that it will remain several days at Salonica, but as mail must be in today, we cannot say. All our party are well."

* * *

Miss Evadna M. Sterrett writes a sectional letter, which she began while still on the "Gloucester Castle," in the Dardanelles, March 7th. She describes many interesting features of their trip:

Dear Mrs. Wilson:

It is just about a month since we saw you in New York. The mode of travel has certainly been unique, inasmuch as we have traveled so much of the way, as our soldiers have traveled, except that we have endured no hardships.

The first lap of the journey by the Leviathan was most comfortable—large cabins and a steady boat. Although the sea was rough at times, one scarcely realized it. I cannot begin to tell you of the many entertaining happenings—rather doings. There were lectures, concerts and language studies—Arabic, Turkish and Armenian; also French. In order to facilitate the making of acquaintances, each member of the unit was invited to wear a label, i. e., the name written on paper and pinned on the breast. Some even pinned them on their backs as well. Like so many school children we went about reading one another's names.

Then there was a "tag night," when each one was given a number and then called upon to tell how many names he or she had written and to find out whether the proper person had been given the corresponding name, the person whose name was called

stepped forward. I believe seventy-one is the highest number any one had correct.

Miss Margaret White, the daughter of the leader of our party, Dr. White, of Marsovan, won the prize. Notwithstanding the effort, there are many whose names and faces I cannot associate—I don't think any one else can either. In such a large party who could! There are always groups who become better acquainted with those immediately connected than with others.

On our arrival at Brest (which unfortunately was on Sabbath), we left the Leviathan, and after a wait of most of the day at the American Red Cross rooms, we boarded the special American Red Cross Hospital train, which was brought from Bordeaux for our especial accommodation, and it brought us on to Marseilles. Owing to the number of times we had to be shunted for the passing of regular trains, we did not reach Marseilles until Wednesday the 26th. It was somewhat of an experience to travel like our soldiers do (except that we were not wounded). One orderly came around with granite plates, followed by a second who gave us cups or bowls. Spoons, knives and forks were passed when needed. Next came the bread cut in pieces—fair slices carried in a bag about the size of an ordinary pillow case. For breakfast we always had fried bacon and coffee, and I think everybody liked it. I know I did. At noon and in the evening we had a stew of some sort, which the soldiers who served us called "slungulion." Once this was made with what the English call "bully beef." The bread they call "punk." One evening we had roast beef. At one of the meals we always had pudding of some sort. Always good. We had coffee every meal. I wish we might have had a photo of us all seated on the lower berth of the tiers of three, waiting for our rations. There were twelve tiers in each car, thus allowing thirty-six persons to a car. Grace and Helen Willson occupied one berth. Baby Grace had been vaccinated while on the Leviathan, and by the time we were fairly under way in France she had a pretty sore leg, giving her several degrees of fever. She is all over it now and as happy as ever.

The ladies were assigned to five cars and the men to two. Quite a number of the men took turns in riding in the baggage car to watch that it would not be stolen.

I must return to Brest to tell you how hospitably the American Red Cross entertained us while we waited for the transfer of baggage. We were served to a sandwich, doughnut and a cup of coffee, both at noon and in the evening. They are doing good work. There are two pianos in the long hall and the place was crowded all day long with soldiers coming and going. The writing table was full the whole time. It rained hard and our poor boys who were coming in with their heavy packs on their backs, had

a fair sea of mud to pass through. They looked happy, for they were homeward bound.

The British Red Cross Ambulance ship brought us on from Marseilles, and we were treated royally all the way to Constantinople.

We stopped in Salonika a day and a half. A large British launch took us ashore and the "Gloucester Castle" furnished a lunch to take with us, and we had a day of sight-seeing. Those of us who chose to visit the American Mission were kindly furnished with tea, which was a valuable addition to our meal, as we had been warned not to drink the water. They set tables out on the house top, and we were just close to a part of the wall of the original Thessalonica. The missionaries, Revs. Brewster and Cooper, and their families, remained at their station during the war and endured some hardships. That part of Macedonia is under Greece.

Prinkopo is an island (one of the Prince Island group) in the Sea of Marmora. It is where General Townsend was interned. It is a beautiful spot, and our hotels are just near the shore. Miss French and I are in a room together. We are such a large party that accommodations could not be found for us all in Constantinople. We are in sight, but it takes over an hour to make the trip. There are eight English soldiers here and about five hundred German prisoners. I forgot to say that about 140 of us are in three or four hotels here, and the others at different mission homes and institutions in Stamboul-Constantinople.

It seems that the needs in the Caucasus are terrible and typhus raging, a thousand dying daily. The first unit of nurses to go there are to be volunteers, and I am anxious to see who will volunteer.

The first party of our unit to start today, Monday, March 10th, for Marsovan.

We do not know whether we can go by steamer to our place or not. If not, the plan now is to send us Thursday by train (box cars which are the cleanest). Mr. Wilson and Dr. Balph went to Constantinople today on business. We reached here Saturday night, having arrived in Constantinople that morning.

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Rev. R. E. Willson's letter is from Constantinople, and is dated March 11:

The Corona has been having quite a rest, and I will have to get it greased up again. We are glad to report that we have reached Constantinople safely, and I presume you will have had that word by cable by this time. We thank God for His abundant care of us all thus far on our trip, and trust Him for the rest of the journey. We arrived in Constantinople Saturday morning and

anchored outside the harbor about 8 o'clock. The necessary formalities were got through and we got to the dock a little after noon. The committee here had made what arrangements they could on short notice, and distributed the large party around for places of shelter here and there as they could. The largest group, about 150, were sent to this island, where we have found very comfortable quarters in hotels. This is the largest of the Princess Islands, and is called Prinkipo. It is used a great deal by the people of Constantinople as a summering place. It was somewhere in this neighborhood that the Allied Commissioners were to meet the representatives of the Bolsheviks to try to arrive at some solution of the Russian problem. I do not know whether or not they ever met. We have not seen any such assembly since we came. The islands are about ten miles from the city proper. There are steamers which run to the city from here in the morning and return in the evening. The trip takes about an hour and a half each way.

We are very uncertain yet as to how we will complete our journey. They tell us that steamers down the coast are very irregular and uncertain. The present plan so far as we can learn is to try and send a party to Konia, Adana and Aleppo by rail on a special medical train. The water route would be much preferable, we think, and are hopeful that something may yet turn up that we may go that way. The American Consulate in Galata section of Constantinople has been made the headquarters of the A. C. R. N. E. here. The committee will, I am sure, try to get the workers placed just as soon as possible. I tried yesterday to telegraph to Mersine. Mr. Fowle at the American Bible House received yesterday morning a letter from Mr. McFarland dated January 1st. The letter was mostly business, but he spoke of relief being badly needed. The city had ceased to sell bread by ticket, and so the poor had to pay three times as much for bread as they did all through the war. More recent reports from that vicinity since the French and British occupation seem to indicate a rather disturbed situation, but we really do not know just what the conditions are. I was greatly in hopes that I would be able to communicate from here with Mr. McFarland.

We have all kept remarkably well. Mrs. Willson and the children stood the trip well. All are comfortable here now, but we are of course, anxious now to get on to our station and at work. It is possible that temporarily we will have very poor facilities for communication after we do reach Mersine. Consequently I will write from here more in detail when we find out what our plan will be. We hope to be able to send letters through the courtesy of the British postal service from here.

On November 7th, the day the false report of the signing of the Armistice reached Philadelphia, the Corresponding Secretary of the Board of Foreign Missions addressed a letter to Mrs. J. S. Stewart, with a half hope of it reaching her. On February 25th Mrs. Stewart replies, stating that she has the letter. It was a long time on the way, but not so long as a letter from Mersine, which reached here recently after having started on its journey in August of 1915. Here is Mrs. Stewart's letter:

Latakia, Syria, Feb. 25, 1919.

Dear Mr. Wilson:

You will perceive that your letter dated November 7th was a long time in reaching me, but I will try and write a few lines in appreciation of your kind thought for us, and your sympathy for our distressing condition, during all these long months and years.

First, we were cut off from home and friends and then from our source of supply. Then we had to witness the distress and suffering of those who were torn from our midst—thirty-six souls being banished in one day. Then the death of others and still others away in hiding. For three years we did not hear from our parents or our families, or our children. Then came the trouble in our home like a "bolt from the blue," the banishment of the husband and father to far away Konio, leaving James and myself alone. Then Miss Edgar's removal from the school and her school work. All these things and many others, too numerous to mention went far toward making these long months seem like one terrible nightmare. But, thank God, who preserved us through it all, we are alive to tell the tale (when the censor lets us). We have heard from home and from Charles in India, and just last Saturday we received our first letter from Robert in France. Only Elizabeth remains to be heard from.

Mr. Stewart was away from us one year and two months—and oh, what a long sad year it was. Although heart-broken and most of the time weak in body, yet we were enabled to "hold the fort" and keep things together. I confess I was not able to do my duty by the schools, but they were schools and not empty buildings to be seized by the Turks. As all other schools were closed (French or Greek), we had large day schools, but few teachers.

Two months after Mr. Stewart was taken away Miss Edgar was removed from her home and her school work. That was a hard, hard time. Everything that could be done secretly and quietly she still managed,

like the keeping of accounts, paying the teachers and guiding and advising them in their work. As it is a poor wind that blows nobody any good, she was thus left free to work among the sick and the poor, which she did faithfully. Also she was not hindered from doing the Sabbath day work in the Sabbath School and prayer meeting.

All work of a public character through the mails or the Government or the schools had to be done by me and in my name. But that is all done for now, and I have to take a back seat and look after my new found husband, cook his meals, etc., etc. Such is life!

All the time we were constantly being molested and annoyed in many ways by different officials and pretty low ones in temporary power. We never knew what a day or an hour might bring forth. Just when we would be congratulating ourselves that all was serene and quiet, something new and more aggravating than anything before would spring up and cause trouble or anxiety. The general atmosphere of mixed sadness and worry, loneliness and fear along with change of food and ways of living and the sights beheld was very bad for James just at his age. This was one of the things that hurt most. We hope and pray that he will forget it all when he gets among young people of his own in kind and age.

We would dearly love to go home and see all our loved ones and change the present scene for a little while, but we see no chance. The dangers and expense of travel as well as the uncertainty of getting passage make us slow to decide or to make plans.

Mr. Edgar is still in the Red Cross work, and Dr. Ralph is coming on the Relief Expedition, so there is no one to take our place. But time will work it all out. I feel that this is a poor attempt to describe our situation, but it must suffice for this time.

It has been so long since we corresponded with any of the American clan that we have forgotten how to write. With kindest regards to Mrs. Wilson and yourself, and thanking you again for your nice letter, I remain,

Yours most sincerely,
M. E. STEWART.

* * * *

MRS. MCFARLAND REACHES
MERSINA.

It was good news that left Mersine on March 9, 1919, when Rev. A. J. McFarland wrote us: "Just a line, as a boat is in to take it, to inform you of my joy in having my wife with me again, after an absence of nearly two years. She, with Dr. and Mrs. Chambers, arrived in Alexandretta

March 5th. All were well. Was made anxious for a little while by a letter from her telling of the desire of the Board to have her go to the States. After earnest pleading the Lord gave me the conviction that she would come back to me here and we would hold on here together until others would come and get thoroughly hold of things again. That can hardly be done before the spring of 1920, which is the time now we expect to ask for a furlough."

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MISS MEARN'S WRITES.

Through the kindness of a friend in Philadelphia we can pass on a few extracts from a personal letter of Miss M. Florence Mearns. Except for occasional mention in the letters of Captain Edgar, we have had no word from Miss Mearns since the Red Cross work absorbed her, so these lines will prove interesting as well as explain why Miss Mearns did not write oftener. She wrote from the Syrian Orphanage, Jerusalem, beginning her letter November 13 but found no time to complete it until January 20th. Miss Mearns says, "I have been here in the Orphanage since July 20th, and such busy, happy days as they have been. We were placed here by the Red Cross to take the places of the German sisters and helpers who were deported about that time. When we came we found only about 150 or 175 children, but we have increased the number to about 300. I sometimes feel like the old woman who lived in her shoe. We have furnished clothes by the thousands, and sheets and pillow cases, too. The Commission brought along about 2000 gray blankets to use in relief work, and these are being used to good advantage.

"For about three months, Captain Nicol, of Tripoli, was director, but now Captain Chaffee, of New York, is in charge. Captain Nichol has gone to Beirut to take charge of the work there. The Lebanon district, includ-

ing Tripoli and Latakia, are to be taken care of by the Red Cross.

"Doesn't it seem almost unbelievable that we are to have peace? The other evening we watched the shell fire from the military camps round about us. It all seemed rather symbolic. One of the men said it is the birth of a new era and the stars appear in the sky.

"I wish you could peep in on our family of about 350, including teachers, servants, and children. Things hum from six o'clock in the morning until nine o'clock at night, when the last youngster climbs into bed. We have school for the younger children as far as the eighth grade and the older children are apprenticed to various trades—some learning to be carpenters, printers, potters, tailors, bakers and dressmakers.

"We have instituted a court for the trying of all cases of discipline, and it is working admirably. The youngsters are beginning to feel that it is a good thing. At first they were afraid of one another's judgment; they are so desperately jealous of each other. The judges really act as though they carried a tremendous responsibility—which is just what we wanted.

"They got the spirit of giving to the people in the north, who are suffering so much these days, until the children and teachers gave almost \$50. Then the teachers gave an entertainment and lots of the soldiers came and Red Cross people, and that brought about \$75. It was fine to watch the spirit grow. Some soldiers camped near us got the spirit, and gave a concert, which netted about \$40. The other day a little girl of about ten years came into the office and gave a half piastre, which is about 2½ cents. She was a refugee and a forlorn-looking, ragged youngster when she came to us. She said she wanted to help other children."

* * * *

CHINA.

Lo Ting, China. A full budget from Lo Ting this month, and Mrs.

Mitchell writes that we are indebted to the ladies of the mission circle for it. March 10 is the date of Mrs. Mitchell's letter, and in it she says she is much improved in health and is feeling "fine," under treatment from Dr. Dickson. Miss Stewart has engaged passage on the S. S. China, which sails July 10th. Rev. J. K. Robb was at Lo Ting when the letter was written, superintending the erection of the new school building. Dr. Wright and Rev. E. C. Mitchell had planned a trip together to Yunnan, but were delayed at the start, having to wait until the French Consul wrote to Peking to obtain permission for them.

Special evangelistic meetings were held in Lo Ting, beginning February 9th and ending the 16th. Rain almost every day interfered, but in spite of this, meetings were held every day in the chapel, and at night on the street wherever a sheltered corner could be found.

The week's meetings closed with communion on Sabbath, the sixteenth. Three women were baptized.

A business meeting of the congregation was held Saturday afternoon, at which arrangements were made for the raising of money to make the congregation self-supporting the coming year. A new board of managers was also chosen for the hospital.

Six delegates were sent from this congregation to Tak Hing, to attend the conference, which is being held this week. We hope they will all get the vision and come home full of enthusiasm for greater work.

The Girls' School opened February 17th, after the Chinese New Year's vacation. Some pupils have not yet returned, as the children of heathen parents must wait for a lucky day before entering school.

Miss Cheung Sau Wa, the first graduate of the Lo Ting Girls' Grammar School, has entered the Government Normal School in Canton.

T'aam Pan Cheung, the daughter of one of the wealthiest men in the Lo Ting district, has been a pupil in our school for several years. The foreign ladies have often been invited to her home, but she has always seemed uneasy and anxious to change the subject when we began to talk about Christ. This year she asked her

mother to allow her to be baptized. The request was refused. During the new year holidays we were royally entertained in this same home and Pan Cheung asked us to be sure to talk the doctrine to her mother and others before we left. Of course her request was granted, and the Lord has laid a special burden of prayer on our hearts for this wealthy widow, that she may not hinder her daughter from publicly confessing Jesus Christ; also that she and her whole household may come to the Lord. We realize the truth of Matt. 19; 24, but we rejoice in the promise of Matt. 19; 26.

Yung Mooi, another pupil in the Girls' School, needs your prayers. She has come to love and fear the true God. Consequently she refused to burn incense to the idols in her home and village. Her father and mother tried coaxing and scolding. When both failed, her mother came to the chapel to inquire if her daughter had secretly entered the church. Even when she found out that this was not the case she took the child out of school, saying that they were tired of hearing her preach about Jesus. Since then her father has compelled her to take part in idol festivities upon threat of being cast out as a beggar. He also says he is going to sell her to a house of ill-fame, as he will get more money that way than if he sold her as an honorable wife. You can help save her if you will. How many will join us in prayer to the One who has power to make the plans of men to come to naught?

Of all the many superstitions in China, the belief in and fear of ghosts is one of the hardest to uproot. For a long time the room in which Chung Oi Kei, a former teacher died, was much shunned by all pupils, both Christian and non-Christians. This, in spite of the fact that the room had been thoroughly fumigated by Dr. Dickson, had been used by Mrs. Mitchell, and was later occupied by two other teachers who were brave enough to move in and trust the Heavenly Father to keep them from "seeing things at night," or from dying later in the same way as Oi Kei had died (the common belief in China.) Finally when people seemed to go in and out to visit these teachers without fear and because circumstances seemed to demand it, we decided to move one teacher to another room and put two Christian pupils in her place. We put the girl's bed in the same corner from which we had just removed the teacher's, which was also the place where Oi Kei had died. Before long a request came to let these pupils move to another corner, as they were afraid of Oi Kei's spirit or ghost.

At first we were quite positive in our refusal, saying there was nothing for anyone to fear, especially Christians. Later we thought of a better plan, so went and talked to the girls, reminding them of their posi-

tion before the non-Christians, and that this was a splendid opportunity for them to witness to the power of the Gospel. However we said we would not compel them to sleep in that corner, for if they themselves had not enough faith, their fear would hurt both them and Christ. We asked them to pray about it, and if they then still wished to change their bed, we would not object. We also prayed earnestly for them. Later in the day we went down and said, "Well, girls, do you still wish to move or are you satisfied as it is?" They smiled and with Chinese brevity said, "Satisfied."

We thank God for their victory, as the non-Christians said many things to frighten them. One of these girls, Po Kei, is supported in school by the family of W. M. Fullerton, Sterling, Kansas.

The "Beggar Dept.," of the Lo Ting Hospital, is thriving. At present there are six boys and one girl who have come in from begging on the streets, and are now learning to work. A few weeks ago one boy "graduated" from this department, and is now in business for himself. This lad, like most of the others, had no family, and was a fine little fellow. He was a good worker while he was at the hospital, and when he one day mentioned that he could make a certain kind of food that the Chinese like, some one suggested he go into the business and make it to sell and he has done so.

A little girl who was in for a few days was later taken out by the old beggar man with whom she lives, because the neighbors declared she would some day be taken to America. The girl is a very pretty child, and every day or so some one comes to visit a few minutes, and says she would be "no one knows how" pleased to get back to live.

Each child as they come get a bath. It is always hard to say when they had the last one, but baths do not go with the beggar business, for they are supposed to look ragged and dirty. Each one is covered with lice, and he gets treatment for this and a new suit of clothes and a haircut and then their old friends would hardly recognize them.

Two boys came in yesterday and those who had been in a while and had learned to appreciate the feeling of being without lice were so fastidious they wouldn't go near the newcomers. They go to church on Sabbath, and when they come back can tell about all that was said. They are a fair handful to manage, having grown up with no restraint of any kind and been used to talking all the vulgar language of the streets. But they soon learn they are in a new atmosphere, and it is surprising to see how quickly they change, and it is somewhat funny to see their eagerness to teach all newcomers and tell them what's right and wrong.

Lo Ting, as probably all China, is infested with beggars. The older ones are lazy now and like to beg because they have done it so long and wouldn't think of working. But every effort will be made to make that generation of beggars in Lo Ting the last one and to save now the boys and girls who are learning to beg, because they have no parents or family to support them, and no one to teach them to work.

Thursday is Children's Day at Lo Ting, and they are delighted to have a meeting all their own. Who wants to help these children learn about Jesus? You can do this by sending your Sabbath School cards or any other picture cards on which we write verses of Scripture.

When studying the Sermon on the Mount in our Bible Class, Mrs. Wong found it difficult to understand Matt. 5: 44 to be taken practically. That was ten months ago and since then she has had many occasions for thinking of this verse, and has learned to use it in her daily life. Her people have opposed her coming to the Chapel, but their opposition did not keep her from receiving baptism at our last communion. She did not even resent their beating her with their shoes, but prays so earnestly for them that they might know Jesus Christ and be saved.

Some conversations heard in the kindergarten before close of school last year:

A Mooi, aged six.—“Ng Sin Shaang (Miss Ng, teacher), I heard my grandma say that she would not let me read book next year, that she was having some pails made smaller for me to carry water to water the garden. If I am not willing to do this she says she will sell me in Canton.” Miss Ng, “That certainly is too bad, A Mooi, but since you have no plan you should pray the Heavenly Father about it.”

A Mooi is in school this year, a radiantly happy first grade pupil.

Another day A Tsat announced to Miss Ng that her mother was ill and could not let her come to school next year. A Tsat.—“A Ma, (mother) wanted me to please ask you to pray for her, that she might be better. How do you pray, teacher, that she might get well?”

A later day she said, “I remembered to pray and I am not afraid of not reading book next year.”

A Tsat is in school this year.

The first class to graduate from the Lo Ting Kindergarten is the joy of Miss Leung's heart in their responsiveness and preparation. Miss Leung is the first grade teacher. Just ask her if the kindergarten training pays.

Tak Hing, China. It is nice to feel that we have acquaintances in Tak Hing aside from our missionaries. If we are ever fortunate enough to visit the station there, have a ready-made calling list. We will want to see Barty, and the broken-legged man, and his mother, and the Brownie, and the man who no longer beats his wife, and the wife, and the little girl Miss Huston had to spank; and all the girls in the school, and the boys, too; and their model janitor, whom we think to be our broken-legged friend, recovered. Poor old Nip has gone to glory; so we will not see her there. We are thankful to the friends who make these characters so real to us. Tak Hing does not seem nearly so far away when we know so many people there. Here is some more news from them:

Some of you must have been praying for the man spoken of in December Olive Trees, who refused to let his two girls come to school, and who mistreated his wife. She was asked if he would allow them to be in school this year, and she feared not and didn't dare ask him again, as she hadn't forgotten the tantrum he had the last time.

However, she said she thought his heart must be a little softer, and this was her proof. He used to get very angry if he even saw a Bible about the house, but recently he scolded the little girl for being careless with the Bible, and getting it torn and soiled. During the week of special evangelistic effort, special prayer was made for him, though I have not heard of any one speaking to him personally. A few days later she came in with beaming face and said her husband was willing for the girls to come to school, and the thing that gave her courage to ask him was the fact that he remarked Sabbath morning that he would have gone to church if it hadn't been raining so hard. It was the first time she had ever heard him speak of the church except to scold and persecute her, so she is sure the Heavenly Father is hearing our prayers and changing his heart. Truly he is faithful that promised. Will you not continue to pray earnestly for his salvation?

Sham Sau Hing, the woman who taught last year in Wing Ts'uen, was born in the Fung Ts'uen district, in a town some twenty-five miles northwest of here, but was sold when ten or twelve years old, and very seldom got to see her own people. Since she became a Christian, she has been

anxious to go back and talk the doctrine to her few remaining relatives. So, a short time ago she and a companion started out, expecting if they were well received, to stay a week. They stayed two weeks, and came away amid earnest entreaties to stay longer and to come again soon. Besides speaking in two or three villages on the way where they stayed all night, they spent a few days in Tun Fa, then went on to perhaps the largest town in the district, fifteen miles beyond Tun Fa, and about forty from Tak Hing. At each of these places they had opportunity to meet with hundreds of women, not only in a public way, but personally, and everywhere found them hungry for the Gospel message. Seeing them giving out tracts, men would come and ask for a "newspaper," not knowing what the tracts were, and she said, "Truly it was news to them, for many of them had never heard of Jesus."

Not many men heard the message from them, as they were very proper, and did not come into the room with the women, though as many as could get near the door listened from the outside. At two places they were invited into large clan homes, where from one to two hundred men, women and children listened to the doctrine.

In the two weeks, having traveled at least eighty miles, they did not meet one Christian, but on the other hand they did not meet one person who was not willing to listen to the Gospel, though one or two men wanted to argue with them. The burden of the many hundreds, yes, thousands of unsaved souls in her native district, lies heavy on Sau Hings' heart, and it is her hope some day to go and work among them.

She expects to be in school this year to fit herself for battle work, as she expects to spend her life carrying the Word of Life to women and girls.

We went to see "The Brownie" the other day. He hadn't been to church for two Sabbaths, and we feared he was sick. And besides, we had friends visiting us whom we wanted to know him.

We found him able to be out, but he immediately led us into the house, which was as spotlessly clean as it is possible for a Chinese house with dirt floor to be. No sooner were we seated on "saw horse" stools than he went and got "the books" and asked Dr. Robb to lead us in worship. We sang the twenty-third Psalm, and though he can speak only in a hoarse whisper, I am sure "The Brownie" made more melody in his heart than any of the rest of us, and his joy and eagerness gave his face almost a glorified look as he sang (?) his voiceless praise, "And in God's house forevermore, my dwelling place shall be."

Then Dr. Robb read Matthew 5: 1-12, and the dear old man repeated it word for word,

faster than Dr. Robb read, and though it was with difficulty we could hear the whispered words, we thought we had seldom, if ever, heard the Word read with more feeling and eloquence. As we left, he said, with joy and longing in his words, "I think I am soon going to the Heavenly Father."

A few weeks ago, as we gathered about the communion table, one familiar form was missing, one who, as far as we could remember, had never missed a communion since she became a Christian many years ago. We had grown accustomed of late years to seeing her tottering up the aisle to the front seat, steadied by her old forked stick, and unless guided by some friendly hand, feebly groping her way to the table. So not one failed to notice her absence, and after the service, almost the first spoken words were, "Grandma Nip isn't here."

As we left the church we were told by a woman from her village that she had passed away that morning. Her greatest worry the day before was that she was not able to go to communion. One of her comforts, evidently, was her faith that the church would raise ten dollars to bury her. The burial service was held the next day, and she was laid away on a knoll not far from the Mission, as one of the Christians said, "so she would be close to Dr. George, whom she loved."

Did you ever work till nearly midnight Saturday night, as did one of our girls, to do two days work in one, so that you might spend the Sabbath aright, even amid the ridicule and persecution of your family?

Did you ever wonder if it paid to walk forty miles, with blistered toes after the first three miles, to spend the few remaining hours of three days visiting three widely separated schools in the country?

Did you ever experience a feeling of creepy horror on awaking from a night on soft pine bed boards, to see creeping with stealthy tread to their rendezvous under the seams of your bednet, a small regiment of what our English friends call "bugs"?

Did you ever try to convince an old woman past three score and ten, with one eye gone, thirty teeth missing and one of the remaining two loose, a 'crick in her back,' and no great sorrow in her heart, that she ought at once to make sure of her soul's eternal happiness in spite of the fact that she has the firm and sure prognostications of a geomancer that she will live twenty-three years longer, and that she has five sons and eleven grandsons to attend her departed spirit when she does pass over?

Did you ever see or experience a miracle like the one Mr. Tse Chung Leung tells about when he says, "My disposition formerly was notoriously bad, as you all know, and especially those of my own house. Dur-

ing these years that I have been a Christian, I have noticed a gradual change in myself, but not until my family and friends remarked about it did I realize that God had really changed my disposition and given me a new heart. Next week my oldest daughter must leave school to be married, and it is the greatest mistake of my life, not merely that I engaged her when a child, but I did it in anger because she was not a boy. Then when my third daughter was born, I was so angry that I sold her. When I became a Christian I bought her back, because I felt it was my Christian duty, though I still did not love her. Now, I love my girls just the same as my boy, much to the amazement of my friends and neighbors. I marvel at it myself. Truly the love and power of the Heavenly Father are wonderful."

"A DOORKEEPER IN THE HOUSE OF MY GOD."

What a number of good Christian people there are who would never in the world make even passable janitors in the house of God. They may have large stores of grace, but not of the kind that enlightens their understanding concerning the fitness of things about the Lord's holy place. Many a person has a sincere desire to serve the Lord, and has the capacity for serving Him in some ways, who never appears to see that the floor needs sweeping and mopping, and that a coating of dust lies on the seats. Indeed, to some it is not given to see that there is any definite connection between the service of God and keeping a chapel well cleaned. Why sweep and mop a floor when the first meeting held after such operations will see it dirtied again? Why take the trouble to dust seats when the garments of the people who sit on them will perform that service? Why clean the walks about the chapel, and cut grass, when the walks will soon need another cleaning, and the grass soon grow again?

And yet there is to be found occasionally one who thinks that a chapel floor ought to be kept clean; that the seats should be dusted before being sat upon; and that walks and grass ought to be kept in order. The Tak Hing congregation is to be congratulated on having secured such a man as janitor of its chapel. He was formerly written up as a "new creature in Christ Jesus." He first came in contact with the Gospel through having had a leg broken when in conflict with another fellow of the baser sort about some ducks. He came to the hospital for repairs, and while there found the way of life. He has been changed, really, radically, from being one of the worst men in the community into one of the truly new-born sons of God. Within recent months this man has been promoted to the

office of doorkeeper in the house of God. One of our never-failing surprises in China is, that we learn so little at the time of many things that are going on right under our noses. This man's predecessor fell a victim of the gambling dens that a benighted and helpless government sanctions, and from which large revenue is derived. He suddenly disappeared, going, no one knew where, leaving some debts behind him. This was our first surprise. The next was the congregation's choice of a successor to the departed. Still another has been the joyous fact that the present incumbent has in a very eminent sense made good. But recently we have learned that he had accepted the place with some reluctance, and out of a sense of duty. And last of all, and most delightful of all, he has surprised us by proving himself not only a good janitor, but as good a missionary as he is janitor. He knows practically every person who goes by the chapel door. He talks to one and all who will give him the opportunity. He is humble, as the great apostle to the Gentiles was, and for much the same reason. He is not learned in a book sense. He does not profess to be so. But he has learned much of the grace of God, and is not ashamed to be known as one who sorely needed it. He magnifies his office, keeps the floors clean, the seats dusted, the walks swept, the grass cut, and then in season and out of season witnesses for Christ. How many of us in our own spheres of usefulness are doing the will of Christ, as is this humble, devout, earnest servant of God?

TEN LEPERS.

There was a row in the back yard, and we looked out in time to see the cook chasing four or five lepers away from the gate where they had trespassed in search of something to eat. Their little boats, seven of them, had been down in front of the chapel for a week, but in the hurry of the closing days of the Chinese year, and the work following mission meeting, no one had gone to see them. I followed them out across the 60 rods of sand to where the chill winds swept down the river on their craft, and talked with them.

One is a nephew of a former student here, now deceased. Another was at Do Sing four years ago when the soldiers killed the lepers there, and was one of three who escaped that massacre.

Six men and four women, some with thirty years of suffering and outcast life behind them, hands and feet all eaten off, and horribly scarred faces, telling the story more eloquently than their shrill voices could ever do; some only cast out from their homes and family a couple of years.

I began to talk about Jesus, and they took me up and told me a good deal about Him, and it was found that they knew a

good deal about Him, but had supposed that being lepers, they could not have any share in blessings that came to other people. The one had heard the gospel at Do Sing, but had merited it after that experience. The other, the student's nephew, had ceased to pray when cast out.

They were supplied with books, and asked for a psalm book, as they wished to sing, and told to pray and worship every day. They left the next morning for their regular haunts down the river.

Last week they came back. Other members of the mission were able to see them, and last night word came to us that they said they all wanted to become Christians and be baptized. We went down to see them. They talked freely, and there was joy in their faces. "Have you been praying?" "Yes." "Since when have you prayed?" "Since we were hear before." "Did Jesus hear you?" "We think He did." "How do you know?" "Because our hearts are much happier since we have prayed to Jesus."

We promised them no material help, but told them to go on learning as they could, and that next time they returned we would see further, and that they could serve and worship Jesus even now.

This morning the boats are gone, and we know not when they will return, but we know that He who healed ten lepers long ago is watching over this ten, and that He has already taken some of their burden.

We were led, in our mission meeting this year, to pledge ourselves to pray and labor to bring Christ to men, and to ask that He would seal our service by bringing a harvest of five hundred souls into the kingdom this year. And the first to ask for the holy seal of baptism, that they may bear the name of Jesus before men, are ten lepers, outcast, indeed of men, but called by His love into the light of a living hope that can make even a leper boat a place where He may dwell.

LETTER FROM REV. W. M. ROBB.

Readers of Olive Trees:

Impressions of our recent mission meeting will be given by others, doubtless, but I wish to add my word. All the members were able to be present, and the fellowship we enjoyed was very pleasant. We were happy to welcome into our circle the Misses Barr and McCracken, who made their initial visit to Tak Hing. Our annual gathering was a memorable one from many viewpoints, but chiefest of all was the willingness to let the Lord Jesus Christ have his way. The Holy Spirit was manifestly our leader, and the vision we were permitted to get of Our Lord and of His claims upon our heart's allegiance was certainly

calculated to inspire to loyalty in the days to come, and to self-denying effort in the service of Christ.

Chinese New Year was on February 1st. Our meeting closed January 28th, thus allowing those from other places to reach their place of abode in time to welcome the throng of visitors who come at this season to pay their compliments. Their debts of other kinds they are supposed to pay before the old year closes. Unfortunately the New Year2 season was very rainy and the number of visitors consequently few.

The Third National Evangelistic Week for China was set for February 2d to 9th, inclusive, and was observed with good results, we believe. A daily prayer service was held in which the tide of devotion increased from day to day. The remark was made that seldom, if ever, had we heard the Chinese Christians praying as they did in those meetings. Personal work in various places was the order of the day following the services. Opportunities were presented for heart to heart talks with many persons upon the subject of gravest importance. Actual decisions for Christ were not many in number, but some were interested hopefully. Best of all, perhaps, many of the Christians here found real joy in the work of seeking men and we trust have caught a new vision of service.

The climax and culmination of our annual meeting, as it seemed to many, came at its close, when the following pledge was taken:

We pledge ourselves as humble servants of Christ, to pray and labor to bring Christ to men, and pray that He will seal our service by bringing at least five hundred souls to himself during the coming year.

May it be that the Evangelistic Week was the first fruits? Will not all who read this unite in intercession for the ingathering of the entire harvest?

W. M. ROBB.

Mrs. R. C. Adams sends this little account of the Bible class at the Brownie's house every Sabbath afternoon:

Miss Brownlee and I have been crossing the river to the "Brownie's" house each Sabbath afternoon to conduct a class. The children come quite regularly and are much interested, but the women find the fields more attractive on sunshiny days. One little girl, who is probably a slave, was crying when we went last Sabbath. She had her carrying pole in her hand, and as she did not come to class, we suppose her mother made her work instead. She had been quite interested in learning her verse the Sabbath before. How thankful we ought to be for church and school privileges!

Mrs. A. I. Robb sends this earnest appeal for more prayer for China:

Look here! Look here!! What share are you having in the big drive in the China mission this year?

How many minutes are you spending each day in earnest prayer for your workers there, both foreign and Chinese?

This is your opportunity for investment in service. "Intercession is service. The chief service of a lie on God's plan." "Intercession is the power on earth that commands the power o heaven. There is no other."

You will receive the returns of this investment from the hand of the Master himself. The life that can pray. "If ye abide in me and my words abide in you, ask whatsoever ye will and it shall be done unto you." "The supplication of a righteous man avail-eth much in its working." "Beloved if our heart condemn us not, we have boldness toward God; and whatsoever we ask, we receive of Him, because we keep His Commandments, and do the things that are pleasing in His sight."

UNOCCUPIED FIELDS

From Women's Work.

Long ago the Forty-niners heard a tale of gold so yellow

Stored away in stream and hillside in the far-off sunny Westland;

Burned their hearts with eager longing, cared they not if dire disaster,

Want, privation, pain and hunger waited them upon the journey;

Left their homes and cheerful firesides on the eager quest of riches.

Many gold fields since have called men—diamond mines, sapphires and rubies,

Ocean depths where pearls lie buried. Hundreds to the call, responding

Follow still these siren voices to the lure of wealth untold.

Once a call throughout the country brought a vision fair, enticing,

Unclaimed lands the Government gave free unto the first possessor.

Thronging multitudes rushed forward to the border, glad, expectant,

Joined the waiting line where crowds were standing ready for the signal,

"Enter in and take possession," clam'ring for their future homesteads.

When their country calls, vast armies spring up ready, march to battle.

Be it near or 'cross the ocean, press they forward, step unfalt'ring.

Might and right personified, all foll'wing orders, march in phalanx.

Mighty hosts, to right a wrong or succor those oppressed.

Now the call comes from the Church of Christ throughout the world resounding.

Leaders strong in work and prayer repeat the clarion near and distant.

Fields unoccupied lie wasting in the world's fast rip'ning harvest

With no reaper's hand outstretched where waving golden grain stands waiting.

India's boundless realms have regions wide as yet unsought, unentered.

Afric's jungles harbor depths unknown of gloom, unpenetrated;

While "A thousand miles in China" stands without one single ray of

Light; whose people, knowing laughter, love and song, yet sit in darkness

Dense, so dense they know not night is 'round them; knowing not the day-light.

Come! These lands are now thrown open. Let who ventures take possession.

What! And is there no response? And is it true then, oh, ye Christians,

Is it but for wealth and selfish gain that ye are strong and fearless?

Is it but for fame and glory your courageous feet march onward

Breaking off the yoke of bondage, righting wrongs, abuse, oppression?

Know ye not that souls more precious are than gold that soon will perish?

Brighter far than diamonds shine the stars that deck the crowns of those who

Rescue, turn to righteousness, the souls for whom our Christ has suffered.

Sweeter far than worldwide praise of all your dauntless, brave endurance

Will the Master's p'audit sound, "Well done, thou good and faithful servant."

Oh! ye men who hold the wealth of all the world in grasp relentless,

Will ye always be content to view your noble halls of learning,

Underneath whose lofty domes now sit the youth of Christian nations,

Sated, filled with Wisdom's lore until they know not how to use it?

Care ye not then for the millions who know not one little word of

Christian faith and hope and prayer, or of the love that passeth knowledge?

Will ye then stand empty-handed when your risen Lord and Master

"Cometh to make up His jewels?"

Come! Oh, come! The time is here; we hear the entrance signal given:

Yea, we watch for thronging hosts, a mighty rush to take possession:

Still we listen for the tread of armies marching strong, triumphant:

Then the Kingdom will be hastened! then the King in glory come!

(Mrs. W. C.) Belle E. Dodd.

Chieng Rai.

WOMEN'S DEPARTMENT

Edited by MRS. J. S. MARTIN and MRS. M. E. METHENY,
College Hill, Beaver Falls, Pa.

ATTENTION!

Women's Missionary Societies!

Following is the tentative program for our Conference. Because this must be in the hands of the Editor of OLIVE TREES before April, almost two months before our Conference we have not given the names of the speakers already secured. We will have all the names and publish the complete program in the *Christian Nation* in ample time for you to receive it before Synod.

Prayer for power. Come with pencil and notebook. Do your best to help in *publicity, co-operation and efficiency.*

Executive Colo. Presbyterial.

Mrs. Myrta M. Dodds, Pres., 457 South Clarkson, Denver, Colo.

Mrs. S. B. McClelland, Sec., Greeley, Colo.

* * * *

Tentative Program for Conference to Organize a Synodical Women's Missionary Society.

BELLE CENTER, OHIO.

THURSDAY, JUNE 5, 1919, 2 P. M.

Motto: "Forward."

P. M.

- 2.00—Praise Service.
- 2.10—Devotionals, Belle Center.
- 2.20—Object of Meeting, Colorado Presbyterial.
- 2.30—Paper, "Forward," Kansas Presbyterial.
- 2.40—Paper, "A Glance Backward," Pittsburgh Presbyterial.
- 2.50—Praise Service.
- 2.55—Paper, "Women and Missions," Illinois Presbyterial.
- 3.05—Paper, "Does Organization Pay?" Iowa Presbyterial.
- 3.15—Appointment of Temporary Committees, Nominating

Constitution, Credentials, Finance, "Standard of Excellence," Plan of Work and Study for 1919-20, Resolutions.

- 3.30—Offering.
 - 3.35—Consecration Service.
 - 4.00—Adjournment.
- Committee Conference.

FRIDAY MORNING, JUNE 6.

Motto: "In Union There is Strength."

A. M.

- 10.00—Praise Service.
- 10.15—Devotionals, Philadelphia.
- 10.30—Organization of Synodical Report of Committees. Informal Conference.
- 11.45—Quiet Hour, "God's Presence and Power," Missionary.

FRIDAY NIGHT, JUNE 6.

Motto: "The Field is the World."

P. M.

- 7.30—Praise Service. Devotional, New York.
- 7.45—"Peace Table." Delegates from the Home Fields: Indian Mission. Southern Mission. Jewish Mission.
- 8.15—Praise to the Prince of Peace, Psalm 72: 15-17. No. 191. Delegates from the Foreign Field: Syria. Asia Minor. Cyprus. China.
- 8.50—Peace Compact. Our Obligations, Rev. Findley M. Wilson, Secretary Foreign Missionary Board. Offering. Prayer. Adjournment.



SOME KINDERGARTEN WORKERS OF LO TING

Mrs. Dickson Tells of them in the Accompanying Article

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

Dear Boys and Girls.

I am going to send you two pictures of kindergarten children taken in 1917. They now have many more children for at that time it was so new that many people did not know about it. In the picture with the six children building the house, the little girl on the right comes from a very wealthy family. You can see her little braid sticking out on the right side of her head. For while all little girls wear their hair in one braid it is just as likely to be at the side of her head as at the back. You can also see that all these little girls have their front hair shaved off, and when they are eight or ten years old they will let it grow long. A little boy who is standing next this little girl and the little girl on the opposite side of the picture with the long stick in her hand is to be his wife some day. His mother took her from her parents when she was a small child and will bring her

up until she is 13 or 14 years old, and then she will marry this boy. Many, many little girls do not know who their mothers are for they are sold for a small price when they are babies to some one who wants them to be their sons' wives and so children are engaged when very little and do not have the home life with father and mother and brothers and sisters that you do at home. Happily this boy's mother is a Christian and so lets her son and the little girl go to school and the little girl is going to have a better life than she would in many homes.

In the other picture of the children standing in a circle, the tall girl in white is one of the teachers and the little boy who is standing third from her right hand is our evangelist's little boy. He is a dear little fellow and talks the gospel just like he hears his mother and father talking it. When he sees anyone begin to eat a meal without giving thanks he always rebukes them and asks them if they are not a bit thankful to the heavenly

father who gave them their food. He urged his grandmother for a good while to become a Christian and would keep telling her she could never go to heaven if she did not worship Jesus.

not wear hair ribbons. They wear a piece of colored yarn wound tight around the top of the braid and another piece is tied at the end.

FLORENCE L. DICKSON.



"RING AROUND 'TH ROSEY"

The grandmother has just lately become interested in the gospel and we are so glad for many prayers have been offered for her.

If the little children in these pictures should see you, can you guess what would probably be their first remark? Well, it would very likely be, "Why do you not comb your hair?" That is what they usually say when they see any pictures of our little friends at home. You, perhaps, know that they all put oil on their hair to make it lie very flat and it always looks wet and shiny and they like that and people often and often ask us why we do not comb our hair. People often come in to call and say, "Don't you do your hair up funny?" The girls always wear braids but do

THE OPENING VISION.

Many centuries ago the Master appealed to his people, saying, "Lift up your eyes, and look on the fields; for they are white already to harvest." He was able to look upon the vision, but his people were not. He called them to look, but they could not see. Their vision was limited. Their hearts were little stirred. Through eighteen centuries their eyes were closed to the world in its need. Then, a few eyes opened and caught the vision. Their hearts were stirred to action. The great work of carrying the gospel to the ends of the earth was begun; but in what meager way. With but a small measure of enthusiasm and devotion to the task, the people of God took up the work in

the spirit of the command of their Lord. Not yet had the vision of the magnitude and the importance of the work come to the people of God in a way to enlist their efforts in his service. Not yet was the spirit of his command, "Go yet into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature," felt and responded to. A new awakening must come before they can realize and recognize the obligation resting upon them. The World War was needed. The Macedonian call had been heard through all the centuries, but neglected. Today, it sounds louder than ever from all lands. The real condition of the world is breaking upon our vision. The cry of distress that came from the hungry, and called out the compassion of the Master, is now reaching the ears of his followers and moving them with compassion as God places before their view the hungry, the suffering, and the perishing world. By the different churches this is called, "The Period of Reconstruction." She has need of this in her thought of the world's need, and in her attitude toward it. She finds she must reconstruct her spirit of consecration to the service of the Master. She feels that of her resources she must devote millions, where formerly it was thousands. God has magnified to her the vision of the world's need. The letter written by our missionary, Mrs. Stewart, of Turkey, picturing, in some measure, conditions as they exist in that single field; the published report of conditions in India, picturing "150,000,000 people wakening every morning hungry, passing the day hungry, and going to bed hungry," is set before the people of God, that the vision of the world's need might open to them, and awaken them to a new consecration to Christian service; for shall we not send the "bread of life" as well as nourishment for their bodies? This vision is needed that God's people may pray more earnestly and constantly. When affliction comes into the home, how earnestly prayer is offered to God for His blessing. The

vision of need is so clear. Under such circumstances, prayer becomes very importunate. In like way the vision of the world, in its trouble and distress, calls for earnest, importunate prayer. God regards the need of humanity, in answer to prayer, and through his people will minister blessing. To this call, that comes in connection with the opening vision, the women of the church may respond. The Covenanter Convocation, the French Carithers Memorial, the Thanksgiving Fund for the Christian Amendment, and the proposed meeting of the women of the church for united organization and effort suggest an opening vision of Christian service.

MRS. H. G. FOSTER.

* * * *

Mrs. R. M. Pearce arranged the program for the Women's Conference during the Covenanter Convocation held in the Eighth Street Church, Pittsburgh, March 25th. The general subject chosen was "Covenanter Women, Before, During and After the War."

Mrs. Pearce was unable to be present and asked Mrs. J. S. Martin to preside in her place. The main Sabbath School room of the church was filled, and much interest was manifested.

The subject was divided, as follows:

(a) In her household and everyday duties.

(b) In her spiritual experience and privileges.

(c) In her outlook on the world and her relationship to it.

(d) In her appreciation of her church and duty to it.

Between the talks earnest prayers were offered. A brief synopsis of the address is given to our readers.

(a) Only a few years have passed since the Great War began, yet in experiences we feel a life time has been spent. Before the war we were busy with our church work, home duties and social obligations, and doubtless felt we were doing all we

could and were satisfied with our gifts to Christian work. When our boys went from our homes to the country's service, the Red Cross called for workers and drive after drive came in quick succession for funds to carry on the war. We began to arrange our home life. We found time for the Red Cross. The urgent request to conserve, taught us simplicity and the elimination of the non-essentials, until the results surprised ourselves and those having the matter in charge. We often found ourselves when busy with home cares or serving at Red Cross, offering up petitions for the safety of our boys. We venture the assertion that mothers came more nearly carrying out Paul's injunction, "to pray without ceasing," than ever before.

Our one objective was "Win the War," and to that end every energy was directed and great sacrifices were made. We gave freely of our means.

In the providence of God, we won the victory. What now? Have we learned the value of the spare moments, only to waste them again? Have we conserved that the hungry might be fed, only to go back to self-indulgence? Have we practiced self-denial to give war funds, and now that the war is over, go back to spending all on self? Shall we be less concerned for the spiritual welfare of our boys than for their physical, when speedily exposed to dangers? We cannot, we must not, forget the lessons the war has taught us in our homes?

Our sympathies have been broadened and our acquaintances widened. At the Red Cross we sat beside women of our communities whom before we did not know. Perhaps an anxious look leads you to ask, "Have you a boy in the service," to be told, "Yes, two of them, and one has just left for France." Neighborhoods became one big family and a common interest and sorrow, removed all self pity. Shall not the lessons remain?

MRS. J. S. MARTIN.

(b) In my short talk I endeavored to show that while we Covenanter women did pray and give time and money before the war yet we did these things in such a lukewarm unenthusiastic manner. We were satisfied with the minimum of effort, our own affairs absorbed nearly all our time in spite of the fact that the need was so great, the call so persistent, and the task set before us by the Master so far from completion.

The war came and we learned to pray and give time and money and give sons and daughters in a new way. Some who only knew the dictionary definition of sacrifice learned its real meaning. We who had not been particularly concerned that 200,000,000 lie down every night in mission lands with hunger unsatisfied, and that 33,000,000 of our fellowmen are dying every year without Christ, heard the cry of bleeding Armenia and suffering Poland and ravished Belgium.

The Red Cross asked for \$100,000,000 and we subscribed \$170,000,000. Twenty years ago John R. Mott asked for 50,000 men for the evangelization of the world in this generation and he was told he was asking too much, but the war came and in less than two years 68,000 of our best young men are gone from us to return no more, they sleep in Flander's Fields.

After the war—what? Have we not learned to pray more earnestly, to give more enthusiastically, to make more real sacrifice. Our spiritual privileges have been great, much is expected of us. Let us drop forever our complaints of "so many calls for missions and other church work. Being determined to win the war we wanted as many calls as would assure final victory, and when we are really in earnest to win the world for Christ, all count of calls will be lost in the supremacy of our desire to make His Kingdom come throughout all the world.

MRS. T. H. ACHESON.

(c) Woman's outlook upon the world—once so limited—has been greatly enlarged by education and the desperate necessities arising from great events. In the recent world conflict this lately developed force has been an indispensable factor in countless activities.

The world, too, upon which woman now looks, is changed. The devastation of war, destitution and social unrest, a reaching out for a wider liberty, and an unacknowledged longing which Christ and his gospel alone can satisfy, make irresistible appeals for help.

When Nehemiah beheld Jerusalem laid waste and her walls broken down, he immediately called to his companions, "Let us arise and build." And so, each repairing the part nearest his home, the work was completed.

We may not cross the seas to repair the waste of war, but we can build each over against her own house. The needs of the world are brought to us for our help through the organizations of relief and reform work, and through our church boards. Give money, but give also service; give self, if we would make response adequate to the need.

In prayer and faith we vision our goal—the kingdoms of this world become the kingdom of Jesus Christ.

MRS. WILLIAM ESLER.

(e) The hope of the world lies in obedience to the universal sovereignty of the Prince of Peace, not merely in individual but also in international relationship. For two hundred and fifty years and more God in His providence has been educating a people to proclaim this glorious truth. They have always been few in number, but their influence has been out of all proportion to their numbers. The fact that God has guarded their existence for so long proves that He still has a special mission for them to accomplish. The hour has arrived for the Covenanters to put their training into action—to press home with untiring

energy and devotion the duty of our country toward the sovereignty of Christ. Our country must be converted to loyalty and obedience to Christ for her own sake and for the sake of the world. This is the only ideal which is comprehensive enough to establish the foundations of civilization and secure permanent peace and prosperity to a distracted world.

This is the broader mission of the Covenanter Church. It is for her to make this truth the ideal of all her home and foreign work. It should be the heart-throb of her life.

MRS. J. BOYD TWEED.

MRS. JENNIE ELLIOTT.

The Ladies' Missionary Society of Eskridge, Kansas, wish to express their esteem for the loved sister, Mrs. Jennie Elliott, who was called home in November, 1918. Our sister rests from her labors, her work is done, but her influence still goes on. Her example is a call to service that should not go unheeded. Her spirit of cheerfulness and helpfulness will be an abiding memory to all who knew her.

She was a faithful and energetic worker in the Master's vineyard, and even after the infirmities of age prevented her bodily presence in our meetings we felt the inspiration of her spiritual presence. She loved to receive a gracious welcome to her extend hospitality to the people of God and the Lord's servants ever received a gracious welcome to her home. "Be ye also ready."

"Out of the chill and the shadow,
 Into the thrill and the shine,
 Out of the dearth and the famine,
 Into the fullness divine.
 Out of the sigh and the silence,
 Into the deep swelling song,
 Out of the exile and bondage,
 Into the home gathered throng."

MRS. JENNIE YOUNG,

MRS. ANNA MCKNIGHT,

MRS. MYRTLE McDOWELL,

Committee.

FOREIGN MISSIONARIES OF THE SYNOD OF THE REFORMED PRES. CHURCH

Latakia, Syria.

REV. JAS. S. STEWART, D. D.
 MRS. J. S. STEWART.
 REV. SAMUAL EDGAR, With Red Cross in Palestine
 MRS. SAMUEL EDGAR On furlough
 J. M. BALPH, M. D.,
 MISS MAGGIE B. EDGAR.
 MISS M. FLORENCE MEARNS, With Red Cross in Palestine

Mersine, Asia Minor.

MISS EVADNA M. STERRETI
 REV. ROBT. E. WILLSON,
 MRS. ROBT. E. WILLSON
 REV. ANDREW J. MCFARLAND
 MRS. ANDREW J. MCFARLAND
 JOHN PEOPLES, M. D.
 MRS. JOHN PEOPLES. On furlough
 MISS F. ELMA FRENCH

Larnaca, Cyprus.

REV. WALTER MCCARROLL
 MRS. WALTER MCCARROLL, On furlough
 MR. WILBUR WEIR

Nicosia, Cyprus.

CALVIN MCCARROLL, M. D.
 MRS. CALVIN MCCARROLL

Tak Hing Chau, West River, South China

REV. A. I. ROBB, D. D.
 MRS. A. I. ROBB.
 REV. J. K. ROBB,
 MRS. J. K. ROBB on furlough.

REV. JULIUS A. KEMPF. . . }
 MRS. JULIUS A. KEMPF. . . } On furlough
 REV. WILLIAM M. ROBB
 MRS. WILLIAM M. ROBB
 MISS KATE MCBURNEY, M. D.,
 MISS MARY R. ADAMS.
 MISS ROSE A. HUSTON.
 MISS IDA M. SCOTT, M. D., }
 MISS ANNIE J. ROBINSON, } On furlough
 MISS NELLIE A. BROWNLEE,
 REV. R. C. ADAMS
 MRS. R. C. ADAMS
 REV. JESSE C. MITCHEL
 MRS. JESSE C. MITCHEL

Canton Medical Missionary Union, Canton, South China.

JAMES M. WRIGHT, M. D.
 MRS. JAMES M. WRIGHT

Union Language School, Canton, South China.

MISS M. EDNA WALLACE, M. D.
 MISS INEZ M. SMITH, R. N.
 MISS JEAN M. BARR.
 MISS LILLIAN J. MCCracken

Lo Ting, via Canton, South China.

REV. ERNEST C. MITCHELL
 MRS. ERNEST C. MITCHELL
 E. J. M. DICKSON, M. D.
 MRS. E. J. M. DICKSON.
 MISS ELLA MARGARET STEWART.
 MISS JENNIE M. DEAN

HOME MISSIONARIES OF THE REFORMED PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH

Indian Mission, Apache, Okla.

REV. W. W. CARITHERS, Superintendent.
 MISS INEZ WICKERHAM
 MISS ELLEN WILSON
 MISS IRENE MCMURTRY
 MISS MAE ALLEN

Mission of the Covenant, 800 South 5th St., Philadelphia, Pa.

MISS ANNIE FORSYTH
 MISS EMMA M. MCFARLAND

Volunteer Workers.

MISS MARY GRAY
 MISS MAZIE STEELE
 MISS ANNA THOMPSON
 DR. RALPH DUNCAN
 MR. SAMUEL JACKSON
 MR. MELVILLE PEARCE } Alternating
 MR. WILL STEWART }
 MR. EDWIN ANDERSON

Southern Mission, Selma, Ala.

REV. G. A. EDGAR, D. D., Superintendent
 MISS LOLA WEIR, High School
 MISS MARY REYNOLDS, High School
 MISS ELLA HAYS, Grammar School
 MISS MARY WILSON, Sixth Grade
 MISS LAURA WEIR, Fifth Grade
 MRS. M. I. ROBB, Fourth Grade
 MISS RUTH KYNETT, Third Grade
 MISS EULALIA HOWARD, Second Grade
 MRS. E. O. SENEGAL, First Grade
 MRS. G. M. SIMS, Primary Department
 MISS MARY E. FOWLER, Girls' Indus. Dept.
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